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Official Paper of the City of Akron.

TO TELEPHONE THE DEMOCRAT CALL

NO. 180.

FRIDAY, JULY 28



REPARTEE.

ome Polite Rejoinders Found In the Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Crimsenbeak-Glass doors are placed in some of the new cooking stoves to enable the cook to watch the food in the oven without opening the

Mr. Crimsonbeak-It ought to make the bread lighter.

She-I'm going to sing at the concert tonight. He-Oh, I'm so glad!

"Then you'll come and hear me?" "No: I'm going out of town." And now they don't speak.

Mr. Orimsonbeak-The trouble with you is that you don't know when to SSY DO.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak-Oh, yes, I do! "I say no."

"Well, I say yes." "See? That proves that you don't."

Yeast-Do you know what a fisher-Crimsonbeak-Certainly; a man who catches fish.

"Well, what, then, is an angler?" "An ungler is a man who only tries to catch tish."

Bill-I'm making money selling mice. Jill-Whom do you sell them to? "The professor of music on the next

block. "What on earth does he

"Why, he uses them for trying the voices of the young ladies."

"Yes," said Mamie, "my presence of mind is what saved me on commencement day."

"Everybody was saying you must be an intellectual wonder," said Maud admiringly.

"Well, it was partly luck. When I tied the pages of essay together, I got them all mixed up, and I didn't discover it till I got on the platform. I was scared nearly to death. But I pened, and it was all for the best. It sounded too profound for anything."-Washington Star.

He Will Have His Joke. "Talk about prizetighting," said the stoop shouldered traveling man. "I saw a knockdown in New York that cost

"No! Who was knocked down?" "A brownstone front. The auctioneer did it."-Detroit Free Press.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease,

A powder to be shaken into the shoes Your feet feel swellen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swellen, sweating feet, ingrowing mails, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and buntons of nil pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen'S. Olmstead Le Roy, N.Y.

Being adjusted to any given gas pressure, the requisite wolume of gas and air to insure perfect combustion are easily and readily obtained and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen'S. Olmstead Le Roy, N.Y.

LOCAL MARKETS.

WHEAT 66 CENTS. Retail Prices.

July 28, 3 p.m.-Butter, creamery 24c, country 20c, cooking 121c; lard 10c; eggs 17c; chickens, 15c per lb. dressed, spring chicken, 45 to 50c Corn, ear 25c per bushel, shelled 48c; oats 33c; hay 55c to 65c a hundred; straw 35c a

hundred. Potatoes 65c per bushel. Lettuce 8 to 10c per pound. Head

lettuce 12c. New onions, three bunches for 5c. Radishes, two bunches for 5c, Cucumbers, 3 for 10c. Celery 3 bunch for 10c.

Wax Beans 15c a measure. Tomatoes, home grown 8c per 1b. New beets, 4c, 3 for 10c. Summer squash, 5c to 10c a piece. New potatoes, 20c to 25c a peck. Peas, 12%c a measure. Blackberries, 8 to 121cc qt. Huckleberries, 12½c qt. Home grown cabbage, 8c head. Green Corn 18c doz.

Wholesale Prices. Wheat 66e; oats 29c to 30c; corn, ear, 1916c; corn, shelled, 3816c; hay, \$8.50 to \$11; rye, 58c. Butter, creamery, 1916c; country 15c; lard, 6 to 61/c; eggs, 12 to 13c; chickens, live 9c, dressed 12c.

Navy beans, \$1.34, \$1.40; marrowfat beans \$1.50, \$1.65. Potatoes, 40c a bushel.
Cured hides, No. 1, 8½ No. 2, 8c, green, No. 1, 7½c, No. 2 6½c, cured calf skins, No. 1, 10½c, No. 2, 9½c; green, No. 1, 9c; No. 2, 8c; tallow, No. 1, 4c; sheep pelts, lamb skins

Pork, dressed, 5½ live 4¾ to 5c; beef, dressed, 8¼c to 9c, live 5½c to 6c; mutton, live. 4½c to 5c;

dressed, 8%c to 9c; spring lamb, Others of the bill are 12%c; pork, loins, 8c; veal, live

5½c to 6, dressed, 10c. Sugar-cured ham, 10½c to 11½c; shoulder, 5½c; California ham, 71/6c; bacon, 7c; dried beef, 16 to 19c; lard, simon pure, 65% in tub; 6 to 6 c in tierces; country kettle 5 sc; pure lard, 5 sc.

Come to the Buckeye and get

\$1.00 For 60 Cents 300 Mens' Suits

On which we will make a cut of less than 60 cents on the dollar. They must be sold before September 1st. All the different colors of Scotch Cheviots and Worsteds in this lot. Will also give special prices on

Boys' and Children's Suits

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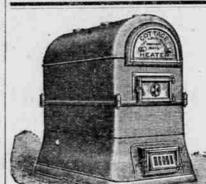
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During July and August on our stock of Trim-med Millinery. You will find very tempting prices if you call now. A new stock of

New Felt Hats

Will arrive tomorrow.

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Ladies' and Children's Furnishings, New Midsummer Hats that are sellers, \$ P. Centemri Kid Gloves, Madam Rupert's Complexion Specialties.



ing same. I'll guarantee gas bills less than coal.



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Or have the old one retrimmed like new at a small expense.

Remember there are two months yet to wear summer hats. ROUGH RIDERS in straws and felts in all colors. Flowers and foliage at a great reduction. Give us a call. We have something you want.

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Presenting their New York comedy success, "Casey's Corner."
OLLIE YOUNG The Phenomenal Artist, America's Greatest club Expert KENO & HALL The Great Comedy Acrobats VERA KING America's Representative singing Soubrette

every day except Sunday. Two performances daily. Free Band Concert Sunday, 2 P.M.

The new bill for week commencing Monday, July 24th

is headed by the favorites MOINTYRE & RICE

HARRY SHELDON DEVERE & KENWICK DONNA B. SOL and The HEANEYS'

Performance every evening with Saturday matinee. Take Rapid Transit cars. 15c round trip includes entrance to grounds and admissio to theater. Phone 873.

A SUIGIDE'S SCARE

My father dying when my sixth year had scarcely passed, I was left with a mother singularly deficient in sympathy and who took little care that her son had education or anything else except clothing, shelter and food. I was allowed to go and come almost as I wished, and I soon acquired those inferior characteris ties which, developed, make the dissipated young man.

I was prized by my companions because of my faculty of telling stories, and as time went on I composed verses which they alleged were of the stuff of which poetry is made. Gradually I grew devoted to literature in a lawless and spasmodic way and spent whole days in scribbling and dreaming of a future fame. I continued, however, to drink and smoke and led altogether quite a bohemian existence. At last I appealed to my mother to let me go to Paris, and she, making no objection, but rather seeming glad, gave me ample funds, and I started I soon felt at home in my new world,

and, finding companions with aspirations and weaknesses like my own, I began a life of dissipation which in intensity far sellipsed anything that I had known. We pent our days on the boulevards and in the cafes, and our nights were passed in the dance halls and lower class theaters. Two years were spent in this way, and then I began to read Schopenhauer. Interpreting his work incorrectly as afford ng ample justification for suicide and gathering the import of the whole more or less perfectly through a desultory reading, I grew very gloomy, so much s that my fellows avoided my compan ship, and I found myself almost alone. had lived for nothing until there wa nothing to live for. Ennui never left me from morning till night, and I could only get the slightest relief through using alsinth, the friend of the living dead. I had decided to go home, when a letter came announcing my mother's death and stating that the property was mine. I took the next steamer for New York.

For a few days the novelty of my situ ation kept me from the eternal thought about "the will to live," and I walked through the rooms of my old home with almost the feeling of youth, but the demons of my pessimism soon returned, and I was made to realize that the man without a mother, though the mother who he once had never took thought of hi was worse off than when she existed. She had been an ever possible refuge to me, but now 1 was really alone, miserably alone, in a universe. My literary hopes GRIESMER & CRUMRINE had long since lost themselves in bitter thoughts. I had not touched a pen for a year. That is how I came to decide. I made a will, then left my house and went to a hotel. The clerk gave me a magnificent suit on the fourth floor, for I

dor and asked for the best. I looked about my bedroom. There was where I should die, on that snowy bed. Those curtains would hide my body till the door was forced open, and the searchers would pause a moment ere they mov ed the silken folds and found me lying shot through the heart. What sarge windows there were. I would lower the shades. So much light was not good. I was in evening dress. Taking out my revolver, I laid it on the table and removed my shoes. A cigar fell from my vest pocket. I picked it up, lighted it and be

had planned to die in the midst of splen

"What am I about to do?" I thought I laughed as I answered my own ques I looked at my revolver again, "When this cigar is finished, I will finish my elf." I remarked calmly. With the curtains down I now foun

the room too dark. I lighted the gas and smoked on. Half un hour passed, and the cigar was almost consumed. The time was near. I lay down on the bed, took my revolver in my right hand and pointed at my heart. As I was about to shoot a confused sound of voices reached me from the street. Soon it was mingled with the clangor of fire bells and the came on my door, and a voice said: "Get out quick! The building is on fire!" What was that to me? Was I not going to die anyway? I touched my side

with the barrel. Flames shot up past my window, and I started from the bed. I could hear the wood of the window frames snapping. The room filled with smoke. A horrible revulsion of feeling seized me. I ran to the door. The key was gone. I Guth Block. 124-136 S. Howard st remembered then that I had thrown from the window when I entered the

I grew sick with fear, having death at my call, at my command. It was not hard to die, but to be trapped by death, to be forced to my fate-that was awful. I sprang to the window, threw up the sash, leaned out and shouted: "Help, help! I shall be burned alive!"

"There's a poor fellow at a window," I could hear those below shout, "Hold on," they answered, "We'll save you,"

An age passed. The flames were all about me, and the floor beneath my feet grew hot. Almost in despair, I shouted, "A thousand dollars to the man who saves me!" Now I could not hear; now I could not see. The scorching, roaring flames and the stifling thick smoke obscured all.
"Help, help!" I screamed.

I should be burned alive. Death in any form was a horrible thing, but to be burned! "Save me, save me!" I gasped. The floor seemed to sink beneath me, and I fell across the window sill. I was on the ground when I regained nsciousness, and a fireman supported "You had a close call. The floor had just gone when I got you," he said.
I looked at him, almost adoring him.-Exchange.



Mr. Parvenur (about to engage new pachman)-Yes, you look as if you will suit. But I should like to know something about the people you lived with last.

Applicant (eagerly)-They were real swells, sir, and if you want to get into some good society, sir, I'll introduce you to them, sir.-Judy.

prime order when we go away." "What's that for?" "She wouldn't want even a burglar to think she was a poor housekeeper."

-Chicago Record.

Woman's Passion.

"My wife always leaves our house in

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DRINK

BEST BREWED

READ DEMOCRAT LINERS

§ The Real Test. §

BY EARRY PAIN.

had still a couple of hours to wait before they could get a train back. The station our The sports were over, and three men platform was not inviting, and the old fashioned village inn absorbed them. There was but one man seated before the huge open fireplace when they entered. He was a middle aged man, dressed in black, and had dark, poetical eyes. He moved courteously to make way for the three friends. He had a bright pint tankard by his side for purposes of reference, and he smoked a new church warden clay. The three men regarded him with

one of them observed, that Timson was undoubtedly the better man. "Pardon me," the stranger observed, emoving the church warden from his lips, "but surely it only showed that he was the superior in running the quarternot that he was the better man. The first speaker laughed, but answered a little contemptuously: "Certainly. I didn't suppose that it showed that Tim-

some curiosity as they ordered their drinks and lit their cigars. Then they

discussed the sports and the time for the quarter, which had been good. It showed,

son was morally better or that he was quicker over the sticks." "I see," said the stranger, "that you think me pedantic. Really, it is not un-natural. But I was thinking of an ext aordinary test which has just come to an end and was intended to show which of two men really was in all respects the better. It lasted for three years," "Three years?" asked another of the

"Three long consecutive years." He tilted up his tankard, wiped his mouth and resumed. "Not one word of it ever got into the papers. Very few people knew anything about it. I got to hear of it because one of the competitors George Shadwell, was my cousin. own name is Shadwell too. Besides, I knew the lady who was the cause of it ail. It was the strangest thing I eve beard of in my life."

'If it's not a secret, I should think i nteresting to hear about it."
"It's no secret." He walked over to

the bar window and handed in his tank 210 ard to be replenished. "I'll tell you about it when I've got this refilled. I suffer terribly from thirst at times, and this is one of my bad days." He returned to is place on the settle and began. "My consin, George Shadwell, and Herbert Bracebridge were both fair speci mens of good all round men. In looks

position, fortune, physique, abilities, any one would have said that they were as near equal as they could possibly be, ye when it came to the test of which I have spoken my cousin George won 112 out of 113 items out of which the test was composed. It came about in this way: They were both in love with the same lady. This lady made them both come to her me afternoon and told them frankly that she would marry the better man, and, to find out which was the better man, sh had made out a real test, consisting of 113 different competitions. Both men had to swear that they would go through all the competitions; otherwise, of course, Herbert Bracebridge would have given it up long before it came to the end. Many of the tests were quite ordinary. The first was a test for memory. They had to learn the first book of the 'Aeneid' by heart. Beth did it in exactly the same No Charge For Examination into my life. time, but Bracebridge made two mistakes in repeating it, and my cousin George only made one. This was the more ex-traordinary because my cousin George didn't know a word of Latin. In anothe of the events he was handicapped in exactly the same way. This was a swimming race, and George had never learned to swim. Of course he would have taken lessons and trained for it, but no notice was ever given them of what the next told it they had to begin it. He got a shilling manual on swimming, studied the without plates) our specialty. sweet indecence made me hate the men and women there still more. I sat in a shilling manual on swimming, studied the without plates) our specialty. event was to be. As soon as theory of it as he was going down to the swimming baths, mastered it completely and won by a head." "What sort of time did your cousing

make in the athletic events?" "Well, there was only one race put down for them. That was from the marbie arch to the top of the Matterhorn. George got the quicker of the two han-soms and maintained his lead throughout. It was a near thing. Bracebridge almost overhauled him at the end, and he only won by about 20 minutes. I don't know the time that it took, nor, I am sorry to say, have I got the exact measurement of the only jump which they had to try-a deep jump. I fancy it was from a second story window into a street. There, again, Bracebridge had bad luck. Both men did it, but Bracebridge broke his leg. That, of course, meant that he had not uone it quite so well as George. There was a drinking competition, but that was a very hollow affair. A gift in that direction has always been family. George was a bottle ahead and on first-class improved farms a perfectly sober at the finish. The starvation competition was interesting too. They had to fast for a week, and the

one who lost least weight won. George won by an ounce." "George seems to have had all the "Not all-not absolutely all. He won 112, but he lost one—the last one."
"At any rate, he had all the luck he wanted. If the score ended 112 to 1, he was proved to be the better man, and I

suppose by this time he has married the "No," said the stranger, with a sigh, drafning his tankard and rising to go. "The hundred and thirteenth competition was to be a duel to the death. It was fought abroad, and George lost. That is why I wear this mourning. Goodby. I nust be getting on."-Black and White.

A Card Table Romance. Speaking of the mania of some society women for gambling, a story is told of an interesting card playing romance which was recently enacted in

A very rich man sat playing ecarte with a pretty girl whom he intensely admired. She went on recklessly staking her money till ruin stared her in the face. "Doubles or quits," said the tempter.

She assented, knowing that she could never pay. She lost. "Yourself or quits," said her oppon-

Again the girl summoned all her wits and looked him straight in the face. 'Are you proposing to marry me?" she asked. He nodded.

He won the game, and the pair made a specialty. one of the happiest unions known in England at the present day. -- Paris Herald.

An Absentminged Cashier. "Is the eashier in?" "No: he's not." "When will be be back?"

about an hour ago." "Just my luck! I'm his brother, and he took my hat by mistake this morning!"-Yonkers Statesman.

"Can't say. He skipped for Canada

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As one customer at our store remarked, the other day, when he saved a large slice of his hard

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Corned Beef, Dried Beef;

Poultry in season. Choice Tit-bits of every description

> Reasonable prices. Prompt Delivery. Prompt Service.

Loving a Lover. "All the world may love a lover,"

says Catesby, "but that doesn't always | holiday." include the girl he's in love with, which North American.

事**似似似似似似似似似似似似**

"My Little Lady" I used to call her, and he diminutive incensed her greatly. "It is such an absurd name," she would say, "and, besides, you know how much I dislike any remarks about my personal appearance. It is quite misfortune enough

to be so ridiculously small without being

eminded of it constantly. "Ah, but one of these days you will be great." I would say, and she would laugh happily at the propinery. How that hap-py child laugh of hers rings in my ears even now! To tell you of her appearance is to belie her character, for the outward being and the inner self had no sister hood save when now and again at some chance word that inspired a noble thought in her the woman's glorious soul peeped shy out through her blue eyes till they grew dark and deep and the warm glow of her divine intelligence permented and shone through her clear baby skin.

She loved poetry—irue poetry—and re-membered all she loved in it. Ah, if you could have heard her recite poetry as I

more than that, worshipful. I have seen young men and cantanker-ous old women rise spellhound to that bright angel face and listen breathlessly

for the words as they fell from those baby lips. At such times the beautiful story of the Christ child in the temple has seemed to me to gain strength and reality, and I have pondered wonderingly over the power some mortals have to hold and en-

I must speak of her as a child, I suppose, in order that you may see her as she appeared to the physical eye. One had to know and to love her (the terms are synonymous) to see her with the eyes of the mind. Those who knew her-they were not many-saw her as a child, but

woman to dare for, to work for, to achieve for-if need be to die for-but to die for honorably on life's battlefield, fighting to the last.

guerdon.

Ah, ye women! Will you never understand your wendrous powers to make

men or to mar them! You laugh at this "high flown nousense about a child," do you not? I forgive you, for you never knew my little lady.

means? Have you realized it? Can you realize it? To go out into the world, to eat and to drink like other people do, to shake your fellow creatures by the hand while mentally you sparn them under foot and void your rheum upon them, to greet all men and women with a lie upon your lips-a lie that professes interest in their health and in them for whom you grel which you drive from your doorster ed through set teeth. To be without any out good teeth a healthy mouth whole huge human race because one man

> How well I remember the first time I A silly woman who thought I might perchance become the purchaser of one of her silly daughters had asked me to "come and help supple some children," thinking, no doubt, that the juvenile set-

wishing I could be one of them again. My little lady was foremost in the games, but

Gold Crowns \$5.00 sciously as too deep and full for so young Full Set of Teeth \$6.00 a girl. "No; a henriache," I answered, without thinking of what I said, and then, angry with myself for self betrayal, I tried to

> living being since those two devils-but no matter! As I left the house I noticed two stains—tear stains—upon my glove. I, the misanthrope—I, who almost boasted that nothing had touched my heart for

It lay unnoticed on the ground at her feet, now half picked to pieces by her Fool to have told her then, and so sud-

It is four years since I left my little lady with the pained look in her blue eyes and my rosebud at her feet, and in half an hour I shall see her again.

dear, and I ask you to come to me. I was in Syria when I got that letter, end I have traveled night and day since How the horse crawle! Oh, my little lady, my little la-Why are the blinds down?

I'll-no. I promised her years ago never to do that whatever happened.

She would not have me break my word. Would that I could believe that we shall

Or a Tree. "Women are cats," snapped Jarley viciously. "Nonsense," said Dawson, "Did you

Hope Abandoned. Doctor-You really must keep your spirits up. My good sir, some years

"That's so, and no man can earn s is the most important."-Philadelphia boilday without health." - Chicago

At such moments she was beautiful-

thral others, binding them fast to good or

they loved her as a woman. A woman to be loved fiercely, botly; a

A woman at whose feet a man's successes might be hid, and whose one word of praise would be all sufficient

Until my little lady came into my life I was alone. Do you know what that

with a savage kick and an oath mutterlove for any living thing, my, to hate the to hate and loathe yourself even more than you detest the vilest thing that crawls the earth-this it is to be alone. And so was I until my little lady came

ting would enhance in my eyes the value of the jew is she intended for me. It did just the reverse. I have always loved children, and the sight of their

All Our Work Guaranteed presently she left the others and came to sit near me. "Have you a headache?" she asked, in

> joke away my answer and to talk nonsense to the child.
>
> What happened after that I hardly know. I only know that soon we were in deep conversation, and gradually I talked to her as I had never talked to

Oh, my little lady, my little lady! It was her birthday-her eighteenth birthday-and I had bought her a white rosebud to put in her hair, which she put up that day for the first time.

How could a child of her age love a man of mine? How could she understand? How could she— I went away and cursed my-

know myself four years ago. Now I do,

Dend! Oh, no, no! It's a lie! No, it's true, and my white reselud, old and faded now, like my life, lies upon her I hope. Oh, how I hope!-Chicago

ever see a woman try to climb a fence?"-Harley Life.

igo I had exactly the same illness! Parient-Ah, but not the same doc tor!-Punch.

"No man can have health without a

Record.

She is 22 today-and I hold her letter in my hand.
"Come to me," she writes. "I did not